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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"INASMUCH."

The child who is holding the baby
Grows pallid and faint with the heat,
And droops like a flower as the sunshine
Beats down on the close, narrow street.
With steps that are weary and lagging
She toils up the tenement stair,
Where poverty's pitiful children
Are dying for want of fresh air.

When near—oh, so near!—all around them
The health giving breezes blow free,
A fresh from the slopes of the mountains
Or sweet with the breath of the sea.
Where fair over wide reaching meadows
The daisies and buttercups nod,
And under the trees of the orchard
The shadows lie cool on the sod!

What thought do we take from our
pleasure
To brighten the comfortless way
Of the poor "little mother" who carries
The baby all through the long day?
On their little faces is resting
The shadow of want and of care,
Can we turn from these children of
sorrow
Entrusting our blessings to share?

Enriched by the gifts of the Master—
Not ours are the silver and gold—
He giveth His poor to our keeping,
As stewards His bounty to hold.
When He taketh account of His servants
God grant that our greeting may be:
"Inasmuch as to these ye have done it
Ye have ministered also to Me!"
—B. M., in an Exchange.

A FINGER OF FATE.

I was very much in love. There could not be the slightest doubt about it. All my friends remarked the signs and deplored the fact. I suppose I was really very bad company.

They called her a flirt. My beautiful Gertrude a flirt! And I could not but acknowledge that they were not altogether wrong. But then Gertrude Dixon is fascinating, with a pair of sparkling brown eyes, an apple blossom complexion and the voice of a song bird. Are they not sufficient attributes to the pastime of flirting? And throughout it all I felt that she really cared for me. True, she flirted, but sometimes in a serious vein. Always, however, she laughed me off when I approached her with my heart in my hand, and I went away more dejected than ever.

My best friend, Phil Mason, admonished me, but in vain. "Can't you see she's a flirt, old man?" said he.

I only smiled.
"I feel kind of responsible, too," he added. "If I hadn't introduced you to her, there would have been none of this bother."

"My dear Phil," said I, "that was the best thing you ever did for me."

He shrugged his shoulders and muttered something inaudibly.
"I hate to see a man fooled by a woman," said he.

"You misjudge her, Phil," I answered quickly. "I know her better than you do."

"Well my mother has asked her down to Woodley, and as you are coming with me perhaps things may happen. Perhaps." And he laughed.

Phil was very much my friend and was almost too eager to help me.

I picked up my small Gladstone and began measuring it.
"Whatever are you doing?" asked Phil.

"Miss Dixon admires this very much, so I am going to buy her one just like it," I answered.

"You waste a lot of money," he laughed.

He went out with me, however, and we succeeded in purchasing a bag identical with my own.

It was a week later that Miss Dixon and we two traveled down to Woodley together. My suit had scarcely prospered meanwhile. She encouraged me without seeming to, but with the utmost dexterity avoided anything approaching a proposal.

Phil said she played on me more than ever. There was no doubt she flirted with others too. I know it, even while I felt and she almost let me know that I was the favored one.

She had accepted the bag I bought for her with a "So good of you, Harry," and had it now with her. For me to buy it seemed to be as natural as for her to accept. It meant nothing.

In the railway carriage Phil was sarcastic, almost rude.
"Hal, has the blues," he said to her, nodding at me. "Why don't you cure him?"

"I'm not a doctor," she laughed.

"But you know the cure," he persisted.

"What is it?" she asked.

"A fitting reward."

"You are really obscure," she said.

"Then you will not take up the case?" he jested.

"You are evidently familiar with it and should be the doctor," she retorted.

She had the best of it, and I smiled at her victory.

"He will not take my advice," said Phil.

"Then you must leave him to fate."

"I will," he smiled, "but I think I'll retain a finger." And he kept his word. At the station Phil took charge of our two bags and his own, and we walked down to Woodley together.

About an hour later I was sitting alone in the shrubbery when I heard a footstep, and Miss Dixon came up to me.

"I've been looking for you," she said quietly.

"I wish I had known," I answered.

Then I noticed that she looked very serious.

"Is there anything the matter? Can I help you?" I asked.

"Can you ask?" she said almost scornfully.

"I should consider it a privilege."

"Indeed!" She laughed.

"Miss Dixon," I began, "we have known each other a long while."

"But little, it seems," she interrupted.

"It may be," I retorted quickly, "that I know little of you, but I have loved you for all I am worth."

"Really," she said sarcastically.

"I do not understand," I stammered. "Why do you speak like that?"

"Ah, why! Of course I have no right."

"Miss Dixon—Gertrude," burst out.

"Sir," she said sharply.

I waited to hear no more and looked at her face, where a tear lingered on her eyelids.

"I had thought," she said "that there was one man who was truthful and honest. I had—ah, but what does it matter?"

Her lip trembled. I caught her hand in mine, but she quickly withdrew it.

"Gertrude!" I whispered.

"And you can still pretend," she said haughtily, "that you care for me?"

"On my honor."

"Your honor!" she laughed.

"I like that. Ah! And I believed you!"

She did really care for me, then. I was at her side in an instant.

"No, sir," she waved me away.

"You may keep your honor. Perhaps you can reconcile it with this. And she handed me a small packet.

"For me?" I muttered.

"I put the paper around them," she said.

She stood looking at me while I undid the packet, which contained the photograph of a pretty girl and several letters.

"I don't understand why you have given these to me," I said at last.

"No?" she queried. "I didn't expect you would."

"Then why?"

"Why have I done so?"

"Yes."

"I admit it was foolish," she said.

"I suppose I could hardly expect you to accept them honestly."

"Accept them? They are not mine. I know nothing about them."

"Ah!" she laughed. I know you would say that."

"I waited wondering."

"After all I can't say your taste is so very bad," she continued.

"What do you mean?"

"You appear to be dense. But it's rather a good photo."

"Bnt," I started, "I assure you"

"I should think she has fair hair, hasn't she?"

I began to be slightly nettled and did not answer.

"And you always said you liked black best," she continued.

"I said what I meant," I answered somewhat surlily.

"But your opinion has changed since?"

"Maybe."

Why should I not retort? I could not be more in the dark than I already was.

"Isn't her nose somewhat reticent?" she asked.

"I think it adds piquancy to the face, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't doubt you are right," she said, almost sneeringly.

"There's just a suspicion of a dimple, too," I suggested, looking well at the photo.

"Really!"

"It is a good addition to pleasant features, don't you think?"

"I really could not offer my judgment against yours," she said curtly.

But as I seemed to have nothing to lose I determined to get my own back.

"And she has bright, lively eyes."

"You know best," she retorted.

"Of course," I laughed, "I know best. I had quite forgotten that."

She bridled somewhat.

"You apparently find the subject humorous?"

"Yes, isn't it meant to be?"

"Perhaps it doesn't suggest itself to you that your present conduct is the reverse of gentlemanly?"

"I must say," I admitted, "I am somewhat in doubt as to a good many things."

"I am glad you admit something."

"For example," I continued, "the meaning of your attack on me."

"Are you going to continue to flog a dead horse?"

"My density must be my excuse."

"Well," she said, "I must give you credit for playing the game so well."

"You are generous," I smiled cynically.

"But you have still something to learn in the technique."

"Yes."

"A good actor is liable to cut a poor figure if the stage effects go against him."

"I suppose so."

She turned as if to leave me.

"By the way," she added, "I must apologize for opening your bag."

"My bag?"

"You begin to see now, perhaps?"

I nodded a negative.

"Well," she said, "I didn't think it of you. It was a mistake, though, to put them right on top."

"Do you mean," I said, the facts suddenly bursting upon me, "that you found this photograph, with the letters, in my bag?"

"Your intelligence is marvelous," she replied.

"But how?" I started.

"How did I happen to open your bag? It was put in my room by mistake. I suppose."

"I see," I said lamely.

"It's bad having two bags exactly alike. I had opened yours before I noticed your initials."

"And you found these things inside?" I asked again.

"Yes, yes, a hundred times," she said angrily.

"On my honor I know nothing about them. I have never seen the lady whom this photograph represents."

"You still persist?" she asked.

"I speak the truth."

"Then there is no more to be said. You will consider our acquaintance at end."

She turned to go as Phil approached. He looked at us and lifted his eyebrows.

"Do I intrude?" he asked.

"I'm just going," said Miss Dixon, and, turning to me, "Will you see that my bag is sent to my room?"

"Isn't it there?" asked Phil.

"There has been a mistake," I said. "Miss Dixon has opened my bag instead of her own."

"Oh," he said. "Did you?"—And he stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I slipped a photograph inside at the station," he replied. "I found your bag was unlocked, and—"

"But why did you put it there?" I said quickly.

"Well," he smiled, "a finger of fate has to do something to justify its existence."

Miss Dixon turned to him sharply.

"So you," she said "sent the

wrong bag to my room?"

He bowed, smiling.

"A finger of fate!" he repeated.

"I hate you," she said and went. He turned to me.

"Well, aren't you going to thank me, old man?" he asked.

"Thank you?" I ejaculated.

"It seems to me a dirty trick."

"Don't be a fool, Hal," he laughed. "Don't you see the mere fact of her bringing you the photo shows she cares for you?"

"I knew that before," I retorted.

"And now?"

Well, that fear, the quivering lips and our recent conversation had told their tale, and I did not answer, for I was more than sure.

"She hates you," I said.

"She always did," he laughed.

"And you think you have helped me?"

"I know you're not a fool, Hal."

"Well," I said, "I'll go and see about the bag."

"You may keep the photo," he called after me.

"I did till the next day, when I burned it before Gertrude."

"I thought," she said, "that it could scarcely belong to you."

She had said something else before, so I did not suggest that her manner on the previous day had belied her.

"And what about Phil?" I murmured.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose we must how before fate."

"And it was only a finger?" I suggested.

"But it has done a lot," she whispered.

And I agreed.—King.

MISS BEECHER'S JOURNEY.

Miss Maud Beecher was Chicago girl. She went to Boston on a visit to her cousin, Miss Teresa Holland, a girl with a fad, and that fad was old historic houses, of which Miss Teresa had made a large number of photographs. If Miss Beecher had a fad, it was the adornment of her own stylish person, especially with jewels, of which she had a rare collection.

The two cousins did not find themselves very congenial, and Maud soon tired of wheeling through the historic parts of Massachusetts in search of the most tumble down houses there. She got on better with Tom Holland and often begged him to take her wheeling with the other "fellows." Tom was 17, and found his cousin very amusing.

At last Tom and the other fellows went to the Maine woods for a hunting trip, Mrs. Holland and the younger children left for their seaside home, and Maud and Teresa were left alone in the great city house.

Teresa was surprised one day when Maud appeared with her traveling bag in her hand. She wore a covert cloth skirt and a silk shirt waist. She had fastened a costly diamond pin in her hair and another in her breast to hold in her watch with its jeweled pendant. On her fingers were many rare gems.

"Well," exclaimed Teresa, "where now?"

"To the Maine woods to see Tom," Maud replied gayly. Teresa dropped her pen in dismay.

"Going to see Tom," she ejaculated, "and wearing all those jewels! Really, Maud, I shall have to telegraph mamma if you insist on this wild prank. Come; I will give up this article and go with you to the beach if you wish. I thought you were quite contented."

"No, Teresa, I will not let you sacrifice your precious article. I am quite determined to go fishing with the boys. Don't be a goose, Teresa; let me go. Mrs. Burridge is up there cooking for the boys. I shall be chaperoned all right. It's no worse than wheeling with them all over Massachusetts."

Teresa gave it up and went back to her article after remarking that at least Maud ought to have sense enough to take off her jewelry if she didn't want to get robbed.

Maud protested that it was safer on her person than anywhere else, and that she had a chamois bag around her neck with all her stones in it. Then she started off down the street, and Teresa soon forgot all about her, remaining absorbed in her work till the dinner bell rang. Then she remembered with a pang

that her cousin had done a very un- circumspect thing and felt bound to write Mrs. Holland about it.

Maud enjoyed her journey immensely and was not at all alarmed to find she must spend the night in Portland and leave at an unseasonable hour in the morning. She accomplished all her arrangements without difficulty and was treated with respectful courtesy by all the railroad and hotel officials.

As the train bowed along northward in the early morning she was congratulating herself and thinking with scorn of timid young maidens who never traveled alone, when she became conscious of a pair of eyes riveted on her face. Wheeling in her chair, she encountered them. They were gray, unpleasant eyes, and they did not drop before hers, but their owner smiled boldly.

She turned quickly away and buried herself in a newspaper. The eyes still followed her, and she ventured to turn toward them again and pretended to fall asleep, thus gaining an opportunity to study the offender through half shut eyes.

He was a well dressed man, though Maud's mental comment was that he was "cheap."

"Probably wants to flirt," she thought angrily. "Well, I'm not that kind," and she involuntarily tossed her head. Again the man smiled.

Just then an older man with a smooth, hard face, joined him, and both began to talk earnestly, frequently glancing across at Maud as though she were the subject of their talk. At last she could endure it no longer and beckoned to the conductor.

"Those men," pointing directly at them, "are annoying me very much by their boldness."

"I am very sorry," returned the polite conductor. "I will see that it does not happen again." And he moved toward the young man.

The elder man rose as the conductor crossed the car and engaged him in a conversation which Maud could not hear, but the conductor glanced back at her several times and she knew there was some mystery. She would have shrieked aloud could she have heard what cool stranger was saying.

"The young lady is my niece," he said "and this young man's sister. She has been insane for some months, though quite harmless and quiet. At last her mind became so deranged that we decided to take her to a quiet little camp in the woods. Her mother is there already waiting for her. She likes to fancy herself traveling alone, so we humored her by getting seats over here and letting her pay for her seat. It is one of her fancies to pretend not to know us. Her brother has smiled at her several times hoping to get some sign of recognition. Poor fellow! He is very fond of her. I suppose we ought to have told you when we got on, but we hoped she would take the journey quietly. I assure you we will get off if she is troublesome," and he sighed deeply.

"Sad case!" murmured the conductor and moved away.

Dr. Herman Aldrich was in the smoker at the time of the above interview, but when the conductor came through he stopped sociably and told him of the case. Dr. Aldrich was a warm friend of the Hollands, but had never met Teresa's cousin Maud. Had he dreamed who she was, his interest would have been more than professional. As it was he hurried his eager and went back to his seat, which was next Maud's. He looked at the girl's regular profile, and at last she turned her clear eyes full upon him.

In some way, known best by the man who professed to be her uncle, nearly all the people in the car had become acquainted with the story of the insane lady, and wherever she turned she met curious or pitying glances. She grew more and more nervous, and at last her composure gave way. Rising, she was about to pass down the car to a seat where she could be free from these annoyances and think what was best to be done.

She had taken only a step or two when the elder man was by her side. He laid his hand firmly on her arm.

"Maud," he said, "you had better sit right down."

"Will nobody help me?" she cried and, looking about, saw every one gazing pityingly at her, but not one started to her assistance.

One woman fainted, another had hysterics, and the little conductor bustled up officiously and said quite loud enough for Maud to hear: "She seems to be getting violent. We are near Green Pond station. And I think you will have to get off here."

"What!" she cried. "Do you think I am crazy? Oh, my God!" And, sinking into her chair, she buried her face in her hands.

As the train slowed up the two took her by the arm and commenced to drag her down the aisle. She fought them inch by inch, but they were strong men and she a slight girl of 20, so they had her at the door when the train stopped. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Oh, there's Tom Holland—Tom! Tom!" she cried, struggling with renewed energy. At that Dr. Aldrich's athletic form blocked the doorway. "If you know Tom Holland," he said, "I demand of these gentlemen proof that they have any right to coerce you in this way."

Before he reached the end of his sentence he and the young girl occupied the platform alone. Both men took to their heels and have not been heard of since. The young lady swayed forward and would have fallen, but for the doctor's strong arm. He lifted her down from the train and looked about for Tom Holland, who had been on the platform three minutes before.

The doctor had seen him at the same instant Maud had cried out at him and, seizing his grip, had made a rush for the door. He, too, was on his way to Tom's camping place, and decided, on seeing him, that Tom had driven down to Green Pond to intercept him. Here was the doctor with an unconscious lady in his arms and no one in sight. His professional training made him quite equal to the occasion, but nevertheless it was awkward, and he swore softly under his breath as he carried Maud's limp form into the little station house.

The station master brought him a mug with some whiskey in it, and he succeeded in bringing Maud back to consciousness. She sat up crying and looking wildly about her. Finding her dress loosened at her throat, she clutched wildly at her jewels, and, finding all safe, she looked in the faces of the doctor and the station master.

"Who are you?" she cried.

"You are not the ones who carried me off."

The doctor was far from comfortable. No doubt this girl knew the Hollands, but she might be crazy nevertheless. Her actions were suspicious enough. Perhaps Tom Holland would not thank him for bringing this girl to the camp.

Two hours later the question was settled for him. Tom, who had been sent for, drove in and surprised him greatly. He had never received the doctor's letter saying he was coming, and of course Maud's advent was a surprise. Explanations passed on both sides, and Maud's shaken nerves began to quiet down. Mrs. Burridge put her to bed as they reached the camp, and the doctor sent up a dose of bromide.

Two days later Miss Teresa Holland arrived. Her mother's advice had been, "Go up to camp and look after Maud yourself." Teresa found Maud very well taken care of when she arrived. She was swinging in Tom's hammock, while Dr. Aldrich read aloud.

Maud was a good deal changed by her unhappy experience. She started quickly if any unexpected sound was heard, and she never went out of sight of some of the campers. This being her condition, Dr. Aldrich found it necessary to look after her very carefully.

One night near the end of their stay Maud and the doctor were strolling on the shore not far from the cabin, and both were strangely silent. Finally Maud spoke in a low and intense voice:

"Supposing, doctor, you hadn't been there. Tom never would have heard of me. He wasn't watching the train at all."

"I was thinking of another supposition," he said. "Supposing you should go back to Chicago as

you have planned to do next month, what a blank you would leave behind you! Then, again, suppose you should let me join you there in the fall, and suppose you should come back with me and let me take care of you always. I love you, Maud," he finished simply.

"Well," she answered, "supposing I should."

Canine Endurance.

REMARKABLE SPEED AT WHICH MANY DOGS CAN RUN.

Comparatively few people realize of what remarkable speed dogs are capable, says the *London Mail*. Some remarkable statistics in regard to this have been gathered by M. Dusolier, a French scientist.

After pointing out the marvelous endurance shown by little fox terriers who follow their masters patiently for hours while the latter are riding on bicycles or in carriages, he says that even greater endurance is shown by certain wild animals that are akin to dogs.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1901.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1634 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most true,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Physicians at Bellevue Hospital are interested in a rare and severe form of aphasia from which John J. Dillon, a patient in ward 15, suffers. Reduced to the condition of an infant that cannot articulate, while he retains intelligence of a man, Dillon will be treated by a process of re-education, in which the doctors, by means of illustrative treatment, will teach him the use of words and the names of familiar objects.

Dillon, who is nineteen years old, is suffering from motor aphasia, a type of the disease in which the speech centre has become irreparably damaged, so that he is no longer able to speak, although his vocal organs are perfect. By re-education other parts of the brain will assume the junction of the power of speech, which he has lost.

Young Dillon is a pressman and lives at No. 56 Cherry street. He became ill ten days ago on returning from work. He had finished his dinner, when, without warning, he was stricken speechless at the table. This fact he made known by signs.

When the family doctor was called in he became puzzled and advised the young man's removal to Bellevue, where he was taken in a carriage by his father, Patrick, late on Saturday night.

Dr. Love admitted the young man. A consultation was held by the members of the staff yesterday, who came to the conclusion that Dillon was suffering from motor aphasia.

There are three other forms of aphasia—auditory aphasia, in which the power of understanding sounds is lost; visionary aphasia, which affects the sight, the patient being able to see without recognizing objects or written characters; and ataxic aphasia, or word blindness, in which the patient cannot call objects by their proper names.

While the forms of the disease have occasionally been witnessed in patients at Bellevue, no patient suffering from motor aphasia has heretofore been taken to that institution. Members of the first surgical staff said last night that while medical treatment would be administered to Dillon the greater hope lay in the benefits to be derived from illustrative treatment.

While the young man displays the utmost eagerness to enunciate words, the muscles of articulation work convulsively without effect. His useless efforts have produced undue excitement of his nerve centres, causing a partial paralysis.

Breathing through the mouth is a great cause of deformity of the jaws and malformation of the teeth. Sleeping with the mouth open produces pressure by the tension of the muscles, causing a contraction of the sides of the jaw, a protrusion of the teeth an elevation of the roof of the mouth. Mouth-breathing is, by the way, a matter that parents should never allow to go uncorrected, as it is a sure indication of enlarged tonsils or adenoid growths—an enlargement of the tissue back of the nose caused by repeated colds.

These adenoid growths partly close the Eustachian tube and are the cause of nearly all the ear-aches of childhood. To cut them out is a very simple and perfectly safe operation in the hands of a skilled specialist. If allowed to remain, the child is supposed to have merely continued colds, and catarrh and deafness develop.

Nine-tenths of the deafness of later life is due to these neglected adenoid growths of childhood. Even children are far more frequently deaf than is imagined. They are accused of heedlessness and inattention when they are simply defective in hearing. Sleeping with the mouth open, and inability to breathe through the nose, are sure symptoms of these enlarged tissues.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

INDIANA.

Reunion of the Deaf at Indianapolis.

BANQUET AND PICNIC.

A Very Enjoyable Affair—Prosperous Condition of the Deaf of the State.

INDIANAPOLIS, August 26.—The Indiana Reunion was held August 23d, 24th and 25th. Superintendent Johnson delivered an address of welcome in his usual fine literary vein, and Mrs. Kingon, of Chicago, delivered the reply in brief and expressive signs. She spoke of the gratitude of the deaf for the many blessings and advantages with which they are favored.

Rev. Hasenstab offered an amendment to the constitution to change the name of the association from the Indiana Reunion of the Deaf to the Indiana Gallaudet Association of the Deaf. It was passed. Three years ago he had the original name, the Indiana Alumni Association of the Graduates and Former Pupils, changed to the Indiana Clerical Association for the Deaf. As the latter was not repealed, we now have two different names for the same association.

The new officers are Mr. Albert Berg, President; Mr. Joseph Bixler, First Vice-President; Miss Ida Kinsley, Second Vice-President; Mr. John McClosky, of Kentucky, Third Vice-President; Mr. Carl Randolph, Recording Secretary; Mr. Arthur Norris, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Sidney J. Vail, Treasurer.

Rev. Hasenstab received a heavy vote for president, but Mr. Berg won the prize.

Mr. Berg will have a free hand and we will all have great expectations of a brilliant career for him, and great advancement for the Association.

Rev. Hasenstab left for Duluth, Minn., and was chosen special messenger to deliver a message there. A telegram of congratulations was sent to the Arkansas Association and later a reply returning the favor was received. It was due to Mr. Arthur Norris' thoughtfulness that the telegram was sent.

A resolution to request the Superintendent and Board of Trustees to appeal to the Legislature to remove the Institution from the Benevolent to the Educational Institutions was passed, but afterwards reconsidered. It was feared that it might allow an entering wedge for the re-introduction of the Institution.

With the satisfactory reports of the committees and officers, the Friday meeting closed. It was first announced that all arrangements for the Broad Ripple picnic had been made.

Friday eve a delightful banquet was enjoyed. Mr. Berg then described his work in securing the funds for the purchase of the Kerr painting of the Gallaudet statue on Kendall Green, and Mary Johnson and Lucile Berg slowly rolled aside the beautiful battle flags of the late General Kniffler which covered it, and thus unveiled the beautiful picture which the association presented to the Institution. Superintendent Johnson made a fine speech accepting it.

Mr. Blount, of Kentucky, was made toastmaster and exploited himself in his usual pleasing and felicitous manner as did the toasters.

The following toasts were responded to: "Our Association," Miss Cora E. Coe, of Yates City, Ill.; "Now and Then," Prof. S. J. Vail, of this city; "The Ladies," the Rev. Mr. A. W. Mann, Cleveland; and "The Old Fellows," by Dr. W. H. DeMotte, of this city, head teacher of the Institution.

After the banquet dancing in the girls' study room made pleasure for all.

Saturday morning Mr. Bixler took four pictures of the association on the Institution steps. The morning sky was gray and every condition favorable for fine pictures. The writer also took two panorama pictures of the same.

Two street cars bearing two long posters with the name "Indiana Association of the Deaf," carried members to Broad Ripple Park, eight miles out of the city. Broad Ripple is a broad expanse of deep water for three miles above the dam. The winding banks are lined with tall soft maples and willows, and make a pleasing picture for even the most inartistic eye. Those who have seen the lake in Delaware Park at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, can readily comprehend the enchanting beauty of the many bends in the river. Steamers were chartered and the whole association with many friends, making nearly five hundred, made two trips up the river, and the more venturesome and romantic took rowboats. The steamers are as large as the largest that navigate the Niagara River between Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

The games were held in the afternoon in the deeply shaded grove of stately oaks.

Egg Race, for ladies (an egg held at arms length in front while running at full speed)—Won by Miss Orrie Boyd, Covington; prize, a gold brooch.

Potato Race, for men—Won by Mr. Mercer, Atlanta; prize, terra cotta figure of Hiawatha.

Shoe Race, for men—Won easily by James Hughes, of Alexandria; prize, a bust of General Grant.

Fifty Yards Dash, for ladies—Won by Miss Lillian Henning, of New Albany; prize, set of gold shirtwaist buttons.

One Hundred Yards Dash, for men—Won by Archie Caughell, of Idaville, with John Plunkett a close second; prize, a bicycle lamp.

Fat Men's Race—Won by James Legon, Franklin; prize, "Life of Christ."

Three-Legged Race, for men—Won by W. C. Jerrell, Durbin; prize, a year's subscription to the *Deaf World*.

Necktie Race, for men—Won by Guy Hoogland; prize, a handsome necktie.

These races produced much merriment, and the desperate efforts of the contestants to win much excitement and confusion. Some of the running, especially Hughes and Legon, was wonderful. Both are expert ball players. All returned to the Institution at nine o'clock p.m., tired but happy.

Sunday, excursion trains brought many visitors and a more prosperous, bright-eyed and happy crowd one seldom sees.

In one factory, at Anderson, seventeen deaf men are employed, and so well do they do their work that the manager authorized Mr. Norris to announce that all deaf men who could go there would find steady work at from \$1 to \$4 daily. The car works at Michigan City employ a large number and are ready to take more. This is wonderful, for only two years ago a dozen or more deaf men vainly sought work at any price in Indianapolis, and working clothes were common Sunday. Now all the deaf gentlemen wear the latest cut and style tailor-made suits, tasty and natty-fitting. The ladies carry in their hand the latest foulard or the cameo-like tailor-made suits, and if they do not sign it is impossible to discriminate between them and the most stylish hearing people. Surely the deaf are now as good citizens as any. It was remarked by Mr. Berg at the banquet that that he had never seen so polite and refined behavior of the deaf as at this reunion. Several others made similar assertions.

Rev. Mann, that grand old man, preached an eloquent sermon in the shadow of the new school building the afternoon.

All day long there was a constant exchange of happy greetings, and when the partings came there were many expressions of regret that the stay was so short, and that three years until the next reunion would be so long. So the most successful, the happiest, and the best reunion Indiana has had ended.

Au revoir.

ORSON ARCHIBALD.

Capturing a Passenger.

"I like perseverance in a man, even in a hackman," began Peterson, "and there is one particular Jehu doing business in Washington who possesses that quality in the superlative degree."

"When I visited the Capital City, I had my mind fully made upon to have nothing to do with the hackman, so when I stepped off the train and a crowd of these gentry began shouting at me I simply shook my head and passed on. One of them, however, was not to be thus easily disposed of. Dancing around in front of me so as to block my progress, he vociferated: 'Hack, mister? Take you to the Washington monument or the capitol? Only half a dollar!'

"Again I shook my head. 'Smithsonian institution or treasury building? Take you to both of 'em for 75 cents!'

"Still I shook my head. 'Arlington and Fort Myer? Drive you over and back for \$2!'

"As before I responded with a shake of the head.

"Navy yard or Soldiers' home? Either place for a dollar."

"Want to go to the White House and see the President? Drive you right there for 50 cents!'

"More head shaking. 'Patent office or state department? Same price as the White House!'

"Another shake. Mind you, all this time I hadn't opened my mouth or uttered a word, and from the puzzled look on the hackman's face I thought I had him about discouraged. But as I shoved past him, thinking to make my escape, his countenance suddenly brightened up and I heard him mutter:

"By George, I've hit it now! I'll try him just once more! And then, running in front of me again, he spelled out on his fingers in the deaf and dumb alphabet, with which I chanced to be familiar, 'Deaf and Dumb asylum? Take you right to the door for a quarter!'"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

PHILADELPHIA.

Deaf-Mutes are United by Deaf Ministers.

MORE MONEY FOR THE HOME FUND.

Rev. Mr. Smielau to Live in Harrisburg—Coming Events and News Notes.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following is from the *Frankford Herald*, August 24th:

"Absolute silence prevailed at the wedding of Miss Effie Foster, of Holmesburg, and Julius C. Brenneisen, of No. 1421 South Forty-ninth Street, solemnized Wednesday evening in All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Franklin Street, above Green. Both the bride and groom are deaf-mutes, as also were many of those in the audience, consequently the wedding march was dispensed with as a useless luxury, and there was no crowding in the church to hear the responses of the happy couple.

"Rev. J. M. Koehler and Rev. Smielau, who performed the ceremony, are also mutes, and communicated the Episcopal marriage service to the bride and groom by means of the finger sign language. Miss Foster and Mr. Brenneisen replied in the same manner, and then passed out of the church as man and wife, although not a word had been spoken by any one concerned.

"The maid of honor, Miss Mary McBride; Harry Gunkel, bestman, and nearly all the guests were deaf-mutes.

"Mrs. Brenneisen is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and is seven years younger than Mr. Brenneisen, who is thirty years old. After a short wedding trip the couple will live quietly at No. 1353 Melville Street.

"The bride is well known in Frankford, having only recently removed to Holmesburg."

After the ceremony at church, the happy couple drove to Market Street Ferry, and took a train to Atlantic City to spend their honeymoon. They were accompanied to the Ferry by Miss Jennie Massey, and Mr. Harvey Foster.

Miss Julia A. Foley, has announced her intention to the writer to get up an entertainment for the benefit of the Home Fund in the Fall.

Treasurer F. W. Booth, of the Home Fund, reports the receipt of fifty dollars (\$50), collections made by Mr. John W. Gates, of Steelton. Mr. Gates sent his subscription book filled from cover to cover, the subscriptions aggregating the above amount.

The Treasurer of the Home Fund also received \$5.50, collected by Mr. Harry F. Smith, of Germantown.

Unless he changed his plans expressed to us, Rev. Franklin C. Smielau started for Columbus, O., on Friday, 23d of August, to attend the reunion of graduates and former pupils of the Ohio School for the Deaf. The reunion meets August 29th to September 2d. Rev. Mr. Smielau has been asked to preach the sermon on Sunday, September 1st, and has accepted. On his way to the Buckeye State he will avail himself of the opportunity to hold services at Lancaster, York, Carlisle, Altoona, and probably Pittsburg.

Thus far Rev. Mr. Smielau has been cordially received at all the places where he held services, and in consequence, he feels greatly encouraged in his work. He will live at Harrisburg, with Rev. E. F. Smith, M.A., rector of St. Stephen's Church, and after September 16th, his address will be 309 N. Front Street.

It looks as if the members and friends of the Cleric Literary Association are anticipating an old fashioned picnic in about a month hence. Fifteen years back, the picnic had been a regular summer event of the Association, and they were well attended and enjoyable affairs. The writer recalls, however, the fact that in that time the persons who infused the most enthusiasm in our picnics were the unmarried men and women, who were also the leading spirit in our other social events. They formed the greater host, and the married the lesser. Strange as it may seem, our social events lost much of their old-time interest as these social leaders one by one disappeared from deck to fulfill the married state. We can hardly account for it, but only know now that our picnics, our socials, and our entertainments have for a long while not been as enjoyable as they were at the time referred to.

We are interested to know if the

coming effort will reverse the above facts since conditions are different now. There are many more married deaf here now than there were fifteen years ago. The unmarried do not "lead" now as they did long ago. It seems as though marriage, not education, has made the greater progress since. The larger portion of the present day graduates seem content to stand by and see how the host of deaf papas and mamma's can manage to enjoy fun and at the same time bear their responsibilities. Let them learn!

The picnic referred to will be held at Maple Grove, on Saturday, September 28th. The grove is situated on the Second Street pike, and, therefore, Fox Chase cars on Fifth Street will run direct to the grounds. A programme of sports will be arranged. It will include the three legged, egg, peanut, and potato races, tug-of-war, etc., and prizes will be given to the winners. Tickets of admission to the grounds are being sold at fifteen cents each. The Committee of Arrangements consists of Messrs. T. Jones, Wm. H. Lipsett, Wm. F. Durian, H. G. Gunkel and Ira Poorman.

Mrs. Mary H. Ropac received a letter from Mrs. M. J. Syle, dated August 12th. At the time of the writing, Mrs. Syle was in Scotland. She is travelling in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and seems to be enjoying herself immensely. She admires the country greatly, and the deaf everywhere receive her cordially. She met Rev. Dr. Gallaudet at Oxford, England.

The following meetings of the Cleric Literary Association have been arranged:

Sept. 5th—Opening Meeting.
12th—Quarterly Business Meeting.
19th—Mr. Otto Koening will give an account of his recent visit to Germany.
26th—(Probably a celebration of the 36th Anniversary of the C. L. A. will be held. Watch for announcements concerning it.

A party of deaf, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partington, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schreiner, and Misses O'Callaghan and Senkind, of Washington, D. C., visited Atlantic City, last Saturday. Their pleasure, however, was spoiled by the sudden sickness of Mr. Partington and Mrs. Schreiner after eating dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Miss Ritchie, William McKinney and J. T. Elwell called on the Partington family at Chester, on Sunday.

Miss May Breen made her "debut" in the country, on Saturday, and may stay there for a while. Although in her teens, she is said to have never seen a live pig. How she will enjoy seeing a squealer!

Miss Hattie Dixon, of Hoboken, N. J., has returned here from a week's stay at Atlantic City.

Miss Bella Remney has gone to Wildwood, N. J., on a visit to Miss Emily R. Hamilton.

James T. Young had the thumb of his right hand crushed at the brass foundry in which he is employed, recently.

A girl baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Waterhouse on Thursday, 22d inst. She is their second child. Their oldest child is now dangerously ill with the whooping cough.

Our deaf-mute baseball team will contest with the Melrose team at Bridesburg Park, next Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Geo. A. Levan has been seriously sick with brain fever, but at last accounts is improving.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Miss Annie Shetty stopped here for a few minutes to see Mrs. John Eigenbrodt, on her way from Philadelphia to Lock Haven, Pa.

Mr. Lambert Teufel, of Milton, Pa., paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Longenberger, at Burlingame, Pa., last week.

Mrs. Leroy Moore and her two children returned to Wellsboro, Pa., last week after spending two weeks with her parents at Muncy, Pa., and a few days with her sister, Mrs. Charles W. Longenberger, at Burlingame, Pa.

Messrs. Augustus Hinz, Charles Allen and William H. Riegle were at Vallamont to see the play called "Under Two Flags," and they enjoyed it much.

Last Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. John Eigenbrodt, Mr. Charles Allen and Mr. Augustus Hinz were at Welsh Brothers' Circus here.

Mr. Alfred Hockley's wife bought her mother's house two weeks ago. It is a nice place to live around. They expect to move there in the near future.

Mr. Lambert Teufel was at the Lyeomung Pants Company here to see the mutes working there, last Monday.

Mr. Prussel Fahnestock, of Money, Pa., was here last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Longenberger and their three children, Messrs. Charles Allen, Augustus Hinz and William H. Riegle, spent part of last Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. George Pomesmith.

Messrs. George Pomesmith and

Augustus Hinz are skirt-pressers at the Lyeomung Skirt Company.

Mr. John Carlisle, of Baltimore, is spending a few days here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lupoldt returned home from their visit at Lykens, Pa., two weeks ago.

W. H. R.

NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

PICNIC, SUMMERNIGHT'S FESTIVAL AND ATHLETIC GAMES.

The committee wishes its deaf-mute friends or your friends to pay attention to our society's picnic and games on Saturday afternoon and evening, August 31st, 1901.

You know that the last of the series of athletic games will be held on the Roseville Park's grounds on the afternoon of August 31st, under the auspices of the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society. Every effort will be made by the committee to make the meet a big success.

The events, in which perhaps about twenty-five athletes will compete, will be as follows: One hundred yards dash, three-legged race (100 yards), cross-country run (two miles), and one hundred yards dash (fat men weighing over 180 pounds). There are also some events for ladies.

Successful as were the games of last year, and enjoyable as were the social features of the evening, this year the committee will strive to make all who attend the Society's picnic to enjoy themselves as much, if not better, therefore, come ye all and have a good time.

Mr. J. M. Black, manager of the sporting events, expects to receive some of the Lexington Athletic Association (now under the Deaf-Mutes' Union League) or some of the Xavier Athletic Union, and some of the Deaf-Mutes Athletic Club, to enter the events before the afternoon of August 31st.

Prizes will be given to first and second men in each of the events.

The entrance fee to games will be fifty cents for each event, and this will, of course, include admission to the park. Athletes must let Mr. Black know if they intend to enter the events before they attend the picnic, in the afternoon of August 31st.

The committee does not deem it necessary to send our entry blanks to any athlete, but will enter those who write to them of their intentions to participate in any of the events.

Games will start promptly at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

After the games the committee will do all in their power to make it enjoyable for everybody. In fact, they will see to it that nothing will mar their enjoyment while guests of the New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society. There, of course, will be dancing and various other forms of amusement for those who are not inclined to athletics, refreshments, etc.

The best way to reach Roseville Park, Newark, N. J., is to take the Elevated "L" (Ninth Avenue, New York), to Christopher or Barclay Streets Ferry for Hoboken, N. J., thence take the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad train for "Roseville Avenue," and stop off at Roseville Avenue, and thence walk seven blocks. Fare, 25 cents round trip. Time-table, New York to Roseville Avenue.

Think of the above every day till August 31st.

THE COMMITTEE.

THE EDEN MUSEE AS AN EDUCATOR.

The ever popular Eden Musee has for some days past been the camping ground of the theatrical editors of the New York daily papers. The cause of this was the return to the country of the Musee's Manager, Mr. Richard G. Hollaman. Mr. Hollaman has spent the summer in Europe searching for novel and mysterious pictures to be shown on the Cinematograph. He returned with an entire new series of most interesting subjects. On his trip, he was accompanied by expert operators, and the Musee's patrons will be delighted with the results of his travels. Scenes from Venice, Lucerne, Spain and Italy; startling and mysterious pictures from Paris, and all the brilliant society and sporting events of England, such as the Henley Regatta, are among the productions to be shown during September. While there are people living in New York, who have never visited the Musee, few out-of-town visitors to the metropolis ever leave it without a call at this world-famed Temple of Wax Figures and Moving Pictures. It is a common sight to see an entire school from one of the smaller cities, headed by its pretty schoolmarm, "doing" the Musee; and this is not unnatural for a trip through it is a lesson in geography, a lesson in history and a lesson in anthropology, all rolled into one. The moving pictures vividly portray life in our West Indian possessions, in distant foreign lands and in the far off Philippines. From them, the child, and as well the adult, rapidly acquires a knowledge of the products of these lands; their climate, as shown by the growing flowers, or the snow-capped hills, as the case may be, and

the customs and habits of the people. Patriotism is instilled into the observer by hundreds of wax figures and groups representing the heroes of the nation, both naval and military, and numerous stirring incidents and battle scenes of our Colonial and recent wars. For the person of strong nerves, way down under ground is the dimly lighted Chamber of Horrors, showing how the Erring Youth step by step becomes the Hardened Criminal and ends his life on the gallows, thus proving the truth of the old adage, "The Way of the Transgressor is Hard." To show the value of the Musee as an education institution, the following incident will serve. Some time ago a proposition was made by a member of the New York Board of Education to have the City contract with the Musee for the exclusive use of it on Saturdays for the children of the Public School. The scheme failed of success, it is said, because the Musee Directors feared it would lose its reputation as the Mecca for amusement seekers of refined taste, and also that its valuable works of art, some of which have cost fabulous sums, might suffer from the presence of the little urchins of New York. A popular feature at the Musee is the afternoon and evening orchestral concerts. Each player is complete master of his own instrument, and many of them are gifted vocalists as well. The vocal portion of the program will be strengthened by new additions as during September.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ELIZA GODFREY.

Mrs. Eliza Godfrey, wife of John Godfrey, of Auburn, N. Y., died at the residence of her family, No. 11 Florence Street, at 11 o'clock p.m., Sunday, August 18th, 1901. The cause of her death was cancer. The disease appeared five years ago. She was in the 75th year of her age. Besides her husband, Mrs. Godfrey is survived by her two sons and one granddaughter.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. John Brainard, Rector of an Episcopal church of this city. Many floral remembrances testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held. The casket was covered with one of these beautiful remembrances, a loving tribute from the deaf of this city. The funeral was attended by a large concourse of relatives, sympathizing friends and neighbors, who assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to one whom to know in life was but to love and respect. There were nine deaf-mutes who were present at the services. The deceased was a quiet and unostentatious lady, who would rather suffer wrong than do wrong, and highly esteemed for her kindness and virtues, and will be greatly missed by her many intimate friends and acquaintances in the circle. The pall-bearers were prominent citizens of this city. Interment was at Soule Cemetery, two miles east of this city.

Mrs. Eliza Godfrey was born in the Isle of Man, between England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, on the 22d day of October, 1826. When she was two years old her parents came across the Atlantic Ocean with her to take a permanent abode at Albany, N. Y. At the age of nine years Mrs. Godfrey attended the New York Institution, then at 50th Street, in Old New York City, and was a graduate of the class of 1846, with the exception of being sick at home one year.

Mrs. Godfrey was married to Mr. John Godfrey by Rev. Mr. John Clark, a hearing minister of Albany, N. Y., on January 5th, 1850. Her maiden name was Eliza Martin. They had four children—three sons and one daughter. The oldest son and youngest daughter died in this city from fourteen to twenty-five years ago. Two remaining sons are now residents of Auburn. The deceased had one brother and two sisters who were deaf-mutes. Before Mrs. Godfrey was married she had many acquaintances in Albany, and was invited to balls and danced with several members of the State Legislature at that city. She was a graceful and remarkable dancer.

A. C. G.

AUBURN, August 25, '01.

Deaf-Mute Killed by train.

MONTPELIER, Aug. 26.—Alvah, son of Herbert Vance, of Groton, 22 years old, was struck by the White Mountain express Saturday afternoon and instantly killed.

The young man was deaf and dumb. He was employed at Ricker's mills, this side of Groton. He had been hurrying and was on his way home, when he stepped on the Montpelier & Wells River railroad tracks just as the express came around a curve. Engineer Pernni-man saw the man and whistled, but could not apply the emergency air brakes on the curve, as the train would have been derailed and thrown down an embankment. He used all the air he dared, but the engine struck the man, crushing his skull and throwing his body from the tracks a distance of 25 feet. The body was taken to Ricker's to await the arrival of the dead man's father.

NEW YORK.

New York Deaf-Mutes' A. C.'s Games.

SOME GOOD RECORDS ON HEAVY TRACK.

The N. Y. D. M. A. C. Again Win the Cup-News Notes of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The New York Deaf-Mute Athletic Club was very unfortunate in the matter of weather on the day of its annual picnic and games this year. It rained as never before. There was a cloud-burst in New Jersey, and on the Atlantic a couple of waterspouts. The trolley cars ran through streets that in some places could have been used for canal boat navigation. The down-pour began at eleven and continued until nearly four o'clock.

It was no wonder, therefore, that the attendance at the Festival and Games at Maspeth was less than two hundred, and it really seemed in the early part in the afternoon that no games could be held. The athletic boys are made of stern stuff, you can wager; for with grit and determination they managed to carry through the entire athletic programme.

All of the club's officers were on hand, from President Baxter, Vice-President Beck, the three Secretaries, Messrs. Konkel, Slinn and Heerdt, Treasurer Lynch, to the doughty Sergeant-at-Arms, James Avens.

The officials in the games were Frederick W. Meinken, Starter; John Black, Timer; E. A. Hodgson, E. Souweine and A. McL. Baxter, Judges; Anthony Capelli, Clerk of the Course; John M. Jackson, Announcer.

At a little after four, the cinder path was considered dry enough to start the first event—the trials in the 100-yard dash. The first heat was won by John Costa (Xavier Club) in 12 seconds, William Erickson second, James Avensthrd. The second heat was won by Vincent De Paul Kelly (Deaf-Mute Athletic Club) in 12 seconds, Wm. Boyd second, R. E. Maynard third. The third heat was won by Samuel Murray (Deaf-Mute Athletic Club), in 11½ seconds, Seymour Gomprecht second, Herman Heerdt, third. The final heat was won by Samuel Murray, John Costa second, Vincent DeP. Kelly, 3d.

There were but two starters in the one-mile bicycle race, Alfred Turner, Peter Denolfo (both X. D. M. A. C.), both were disqualified for false start. They ran over the course, however, Denolfo winning. Time 3 m. 23½ s.

The Pole Vault! was won by James Avens. Anthony Reiff was second and Edward Slinn third. The winner cleared 6 ft. 11 in.

In the 220-yard run, the first heat was won by William Boyd, Frank Vallely, 2d; the second heat by James Avens, S. A. Gomprecht, 2d. By many it was thought to be a dead heat, but the Judges decided that Avens had a fraction of an inch the better. Gomprecht was given the privilege of running in the final, but declined. The final heat was won by James Avens in 29¼ seconds.

Putting the 12-lb. shot was won by David Costuma (34 feet), Thomas A. Little, Jr., 2d, John Moran 3d.

The running broad jump was won by Thomas A. Little, Jr. (16 feet, 4 inches), David Costuma, 2d, R. E. Maynard, 3d.

In the five-mile bicycle race, Peter Denolfo was disqualified for false start, and Alfred Turner and Hugo Schmidt were first and second, respectively, there being no other competitors. Time of winner, 18 m. 26¼ s. Schmidt pedalled more than two-thirds of the race with a collapsed front tire.

The half-mile run was easily won by Vincent DeP. Kelly, Herman Heerdt, 2d, Timothy Cornell, 3d. Winner's time, 2 m. 35 s.

Herman Heerdt won the 440-yards run, in 1 m. 10¼ s. William Boyd was second.

The high jump was won by James Avens (4 ft. 1½ in), Edward Slinn, 2d, Harry Powell, 3d.

The series were in competition for a silver cup, which is to be contested for each year. The New York Deaf-Mute Athletic Club scored the greatest number of points (56), and therefore keep the cup. Following is the summary of points. First counts 5 points; 2d, 3 points; 3d, 1 point.

EVENTS.	D. M. A. C.	X. D. M. C.	U. E. A. C.	F. A. A.	D. Costuma.
100-yards Dash.....	22	3	1	1	1
220-yards Run.....	22	3	1	1	1
440-yards Run.....	22	3	1	1	1
1 mile Run.....	22	3	1	1	1
1 mile Bicycle.....	22	3	1	1	1
5 mile Bicycle.....	22	3	1	1	1
Pole Vault.....	22	3	1	1	1
High Jump.....	22	3	1	1	1
Running Broad Jump.....	22	3	1	1	1
Putting the 12-lb Shot.....	22	3	1	1	1
Totals.....	56	21	0	1	8

The records were very good, considering the heavy track. Gold and silver medals were awarded first and second in all track events.

The ladies contested, in the pavilion, in two games—running backward, in which Miss Adelgunde Berg was the winner; and a potato race, the first heat being won by Mrs. Warren, the second heat by Miss Louise Kummer. The final was won by Miss Kummer.

The New York Deaf-Mute Athletic Club gave a very interesting and enjoyable affair, in spite of the unprecedented bad weather, and if the skies had been clear the park would surely have been crowded. The club has won the confidence of the public, and it is safe to say that its next Annual Festival and Games will be universally patronized by the deaf.

The Committee on Athletics was made up of Messrs. James Avens, Robert H. McVea, Eugene V. Moeslein, Edward Slinn, and Herman Heerdt.

The Arrangements Committee comprised, Messrs. James Avens, Herman F. Beck, R. H. McVea, H. Heerdt, and E. V. Moeslein.

George Irving Lounsbury has gotten out two numbers of a little sheet called "The Apprentice." He is nine years old, and spends a few hours a day in his father's printing office, and has proved an apt and persevering disciple of Benjamin Franklin. The latest production has a half-tone, single-column, out of the intellectual features of papa Lounsbury, with the information that "he does good printing—has held out six years against keen competition—the only printer on 59th Street." George ought to charge advertising rates for the "puff." The "Roll of Honor," which records contributions, gives Gluck—"Ted's" versatile neighbor—second place, "The Apprentice" being first with three ciphers and a decimal in the dollar column.

Mr. James Darney returned to New York last Friday, after a pleasant trip lasting six weeks. He was at the convention in Buffalo, and for one week did the Pan-American. The remaining five weeks he spent in Toronto, Canada, his former home. He was on Washington Heights with his wheel and camera, last Tuesday, taking snapshots about the New York Institution.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Pach spent three days at their former home, Easton, Pa., last week, guests of the Franklin House. They made a great many calls and took the trip to Nazareth over the new trolley route. On Sunday Proprietor Vincent gave them a special dinner, with Mayor Field as an additional guest.

Next Saturday, the New Jersey deaf-mutes hold their picnic and games at Roseville Park. Many New Yorkers have signified their intention to be present. The affair will be enjoyable. Round trip from New York is only 25 cents.

Grace Meinken, the nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Meinken, celebrated her birthday, at the home of her parents, in Brooklyn, on Tuesday. She had as guests fourteen children, and they all enjoyed playing games for prizes. The affair wound up with a dainty supper.

George W. Leitner was released by the New York Baseball Club. He did very fair work in the two games in which he pitched, but was not quite fast enough for the National League. He will improve, and later on will be heard from.

John W. Lyons, who is a life-saver at Coney Island, rescued a boy from drowning last week. In eight years he has saved forty-seven lives, and has about a dozen medals to prove his skill and heroism.

Gaetano Gioda, a sculptor of this city, who came here from Sunny Italy a few years ago, has been granted a patent by the authorities at Washington, for a "comb-cleaner" attachment to a repeating pistol.

Mrs. H. J. Haight and her daughter, Elmor, are spending the August days at a picturesque homestead in Saebel, Hamilton County, this State.

The Misses Elsworth, who have been spending the summer at Lake Mahopac, will return to their New York home this week.

J. J. Sorenson is a cigar manufacturer in the Second District of this State. He is a graduate of the New York Institution.

Miss Elnora Rose will spend two weeks at her former home in Ulster County, beginning this week.

Albert Kohlmetz has lost his job in a cigar factory, which he held for more than thirteen years. Through the influence of friends, he will soon be in a better place at the same business.

Luther Taylor has made such a good record, that several clubs of the National League are after him. The American Association is also anxious to secure him.

Mrs. Wilhelma Buhle has just returned from a pleasant week spent in the country.

The Akouphone Company has made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. GALLAUDET.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Will you kindly put in the JOURNAL a few lines from me. I will reserve details for a lecture to be given at some convenient evening after my arrival. I left New York, July 13th, in the "Minneapolis," of the Atlantic Transport Line, going up the Thames and reaching London July 22d. I spent a week with Rev. Mr. Gilby in the parsonage of St. Saviour's Church for the Deaf and Dumb, attending the Sunday services. I reached Oxford July 30th and attended the Conference of the National Association of the Teachers of the Deaf in the United Kingdom. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Syle there. I reached Glasgow Saturday night, August 3d. I attended Sunday morning service in the English Church of St. Mary the Virgin, and at 7 P.M., the service for deaf-mutes in the Institute. On Monday forenoon I visited the Exposition. I reached Kilmarnock, Monday P.M., August 5th, and attended the Congress of the British Deaf and Dumb Association, which was a great success under the management of the local secretary, Mr. James Paul. I came to Carlisle this afternoon to rest for a few days. I think of visiting Cambridge and of being in London a week from to-day. I take the Minneapolis for New York on Saturday, August 24th.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes with its Home and all things pertaining to the silent people, are daily in my thoughts and prayers.

I constantly keep in mind the kindness of my friends on the memorable observance of the 50th anniversary of my ordination to the priesthood, and my heart is full of gratitude.

With best wishes for you and all my other deaf-mute friends, I am,

Yours very sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

August 10, 1901.

Wyoming Valley, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. James Williams, of Steelton, Pa., were at Wilkes-barre, Pa., to visit Mrs. Williams' parents for some days. They have returned home, as Mr. Williams has got work at the Pennsylvania Steel Company's works.

Miss Minnie Clarke, of Scranton, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold, of Dorranceton, Pa., for a week, and returned home on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Katie Byron and Miss Edith Evans were at Plymouth, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bradley some time ago, returning home the same evening.

Miss Clarke and Mrs. Robert Arnold visited Miss Mamie Dress, of Barney Street, Wilkesbarre, and also visited Mr. and Mrs. James Byron and Mr. John Barth, last Tuesday evening.

Mr. John Barth took Mrs. Katie Byron and Miss Carrie Evans down to White Haven for health and fresh air, to make them strong and well, some time ago. Mr. Barth stayed there with relatives for one day, and Mrs. Byron and Miss Evans stayed at his cousin's for two days. They said they had a fine time at White Haven.

Mr. John McCoy had a good vacation month. He was in New York State, 90 miles from Buffalo, to visit his cousins for two weeks, and returned home last Sunday. He is going to the Schuylkill region this week. He will return to work on September 2d.

Miss Katie Grinton's uncle, of Bloomsbury, died of heart trouble recently. He dropped dead while on his way home. He was buried in Bloomsbury cemetery. Miss Ginton's father is not thoroughly well yet.

Miss Mamie Dress and her mother visited Mr. J. Barth's mother, who was very sick in bed with intermittent fever for three weeks, but today she is well and is able to attend to her household duties.

The Misses Evans' mother went to Wales in July, to stay for three months, and returns home in November. Miss Edith Evans is attending to her mother's duties meanwhile, and her sister Carrie continues to work in Galland & Co's. factory.

There was a special meeting of the Wyoming Valley Deaf-Mutes, and they have decided to hold their second annual lawn social at 351 North Grant Street, Wilkesbarre, Wednesday evening, September 4th, 1901. Should it rain, the social will be held on the next clear Wednesday. The members are busy selling tickets.

J. H. B.

CHICAGO.

An Evening With the Literary Circle.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Events Past and to Come.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Summer wanes, and the season of literary courses comes on, and the social go-around is again on. The Literary Circle of the Pas-a-Pas Club was held Saturday evening. President Codman stated that Mrs. Charles Kerney, of Decatur, Ill., would be the speaker for the evening. Her subject was, "Alice of Vincennes," by Maurice A. Thompson. Mrs. Kerney appeared in a beautiful costume, of course, (being the daughter of a millionaire), before the large audience, and received much commendation for her talk. Her lecture charmed the audience from the beginning to the end. The talk was concluded at 10:20 o'clock. Miss Freida Bauman gave a comical story. Ice cream was served and a pleasant social followed the program. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kerney are the guests of "Chicago" for ten days, and will attend the club picnic Saturday afternoon and evening.

The Pas-a-Pas Tennis Club's tournament came to a close Saturday afternoon on the courts in Washington Park. The final in the singles for the championship was won by Mr. Abraham Isaac Liebenstein. The trophy was a loving cup, and should Mr. Liebenstein continue to win the championship in the next two succeeding years, the cup will belong to Isaac, ever patient. Miss Freida Bauman, the belle of Chicago, acted as referee. The players were as quiet as lambs at her feet. A box of bonbons, donated for the contest by Mrs. Colby, went to the winner.

Open singles, finals:—

Liebenstein beat Wayman, 5-2. Liebenstein—Regensberg, 6-0. Codman—Frank, 6-0. Regensberg—Kington, 6-3. Gibson—Dongherly—6-4. *Gibson—Codman, 4-4. Liebenstein—Gibson, 6-0.

*Mr. Codman, being badly tired, was compelled to stop further playing, and it was forfeited to Mr. Gibson.

Mr. George E. Morton, who has a nice position in the Chicago Chronicle office, returned last week from a month's outing in Lansing, Kalamazoo and Jackson, Mich. Mrs. Morton will several weeks longer visiting friends in Kalamazoo.

Mr. Frank Gibson expects his beloved wife and son Don, next week, from New York, where she has been visiting relatives and friends since July 10th.

Mrs. Anna Elliott has gone to Joliet, for several weeks.

Our big Oscar Regensberg took the boat, "City of Chicago," to St. Joseph, (not to elope with a pretty damsel to get married, mind you, for his folks were with him), after Mrs. Kerney's lecture, to freshen his lungs with lake air, and returned Sunday evening.

Miss Freida Bauman is preparing to pack up her necessary apparel and bid Chicago goodbye until Spring. She is going to the College to take her last course and will be graduated next June.

Chicago, admirers send, through the JOURNAL, three cheers and a tiger to "our great and good friend," Robert McGregor, and his wife, for their silver wedding anniversary. They wish them to live longer and see their golden wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Edward Kington returned home Monday from the Indiana Reunion, where she had been for five days. The bright face of Mr. Kington told how happy he was that Mrs. Kington was chosen to respond to Supt. Johnson's address of welcome at the opening exercises of the Indiana Reunion.

Messrs. Liebenstein and Hart returned home hearty and strong after spending two days at Paw-Paw Lake.

Rev. Hasenstab returned from the Indiana Reunion Friday, and then went to Duluth right away with Rev. James H. Cloud, who came from St. Louis via Chicago for the purpose. During the absence of the former, Mr. Rutherford held the afternoon service at the M. E. Church, Sunday.

Mr. Shotwell, ex-Secretary of the Pas-a-Pas Club, is a night owl at the foundry in Belvidere, Ill. He is a member of the Foundrymen's Baseball Club, and the village people, with the aid of the village press, are very wild over his wonderful pitching.

Mr. Fred Fritz was called to the side of his dying father in Breese, Ill.

Mrs. James Gibney spent a week

in Jacksonville, last week, while Mr. Ed. Holmes, of Jacksonville, was visiting Chicago at the same time.

A Grand Lake Excursion will be given by the Chicago Deaf-Mutes' Outing Club to St. Joseph, Mich., on Monday, September 2d, (Labor Day). The steamer, "City of Chicago," will leave dock at foot of Wabash Avenue, at 9:30 A.M., returning at 9:30 P.M. Three hours will be spent on shore. Come, rain or shine, and have a good time. The committee are: Messrs. Frank, Wayman, Kington, Hart, Sonneborn and Codman. Round trip ticket, 85 cents.

On Friday, August 16th, Mr. and Mrs. George Carter celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage by entertaining a select party of friends. Many appropriate presents were received. A dainty supper was served. Ha! nineteen years ago Mr. and Mrs. James E. Gallaher were married on the same day, and enjoyed a share themselves at the expense of the host and hostess. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Wedekind, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Jacoby, Mr. and Mrs. Cullingworth, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. C. Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bowes, Mr. and Mrs. Witte, Mr. and Mrs. Gallaher, Mr. and Mrs. Sibitzky, Mrs. J. J. Hendershot, Miss Fannie R. Hegg, W. M. Zollinger, John P. Dahl, Philip Jacoby, H. H. Kohn, Frank Holton, of West Pullman, and Fred. E. Ryan.

Mrs. C. D. Seaton is home again, but will leave again next week for South Dakota with Mr. Seaton, who joined her here this week from Golden, Ill.

Mr. Fred Rapp has just secured a good position in Beloit, Wis., in a bicycle factory. He will move from Evanston September 1st.

At the August meeting of the Pas-a-Pas Club Mr. Madison Perry was admitted for membership, and in turn he took the floor and thanked the club for its courtesy and kindness. Alas! Now Mr. Perry has bade adieu to the club forever, and has joined another and better club of angels in Heaven. The change was so sudden and unexpected. Mr. Perry passed away Saturday evening, August 17th, at 6:30 P.M. His death was caused by typhoid fever, after an illness of only four days. He came from Indiana about five years ago, to work as a painter in the Pullman car shops. Mrs. Perry survives him—no children. The funeral service was held Tuesday, at the house, 7335 Washington Avenue, and was in charge of Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab, the burial being in the Oakwood Cemetery. The Pas-a-Pas Club sent a beautiful floral tribute.

THE WRONG PASSENGER.

The street-car conductor was hardly in the best of humor. Some one had managed to give him a bad nickel, and he had just discovered it; that was why he started the car before three women and child had got much beyond the steps. One of the women was exceedingly irate at such treatment. The conductor saw that as he started to collect the fares, but he was irate, too.

"Look here, ma'am," said he, as she tendered her fare, "this child must be paid for as well."

"I haven't any intention of paying its fare," snapped the woman.

"Then I shall put the child out," answered the conductor, reaching for the bell-strap.

"You won't dare to do it," flashed the woman.

"Ting!" The conductor brought the car to a stop, picked up the child, and deposited it outside, and rang to go ahead.

"Well, ma'am," said he, grimly, "you'll find your child on the pavement."

"My child!" snapped she. "It isn't mine."

"Whose is it, then?" gasped the conductor.

"I haven't the slightest idea," she coolly answered.

Then the child's mother, who had been engaged in an exciting discussion with her friends over the merits of a new dress, awoke to the fact that her child was missing, and the fireworks that played about the unfortunate conductor's head reminded him of a fifth of November display.

—*Epworth Herald.*

They Practiced.

Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, in "Under Tops'ls and Tents," tells of the pranks of naval cadets at Annapolis. He says:

There was a big six foot lumberman from some place up in Michigan. In an inebriated moment he allowed one of the upper class men to get hold of a local paper which contained an item something like this: "We are sure that the ruffianly lazars would not dare to practice their cowardly arts on the brawny son of Michigan."

It gave us exquisite pleasure, which those who have been boys can appreciate, to have this particular item read aloud by the smallest and feeblest midshipman in the academy, while the "brawny son of Michigan" listened attentive to it standing on his head in the corner.

OHIO.

A Friend of the Deaf Gone.

AT A COUNTY FAIR.

Reunion Next Week--News Items.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greene, 968 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Mrs. Annie Elizabeth Bierce died at 9:30 Tuesday evening at her home in Cleveland, Ohio. She was the wife of the late Judge Bierce, a trustee of the Institution from 1856 to 1862, and mother of Miss Mary C. Bierce, a teacher here from 1868 to 1888. "Mother Bierce," as she was lovingly called by those who intimately knew her, was noted for her goodness of heart and many kindly acts of charity which she distributed in a quiet way. She always took a kindly interest in the deaf and it gave her great pleasure to be in their company and converse with them. Four score years and three she had been permitted to live—a noble Christian life was hers—a fitting example for others to make the world better and happier.

Her death was due to the breaking up of the system consequent upon old age. Short funeral services were held at her late home Wednesday afternoon. Many and fine floral tributes from friends testified their love and esteem for the good woman. In the early morning of Thursday the remains accompanied by all of her living children except one who resides in New Orleans, and other near relatives, left Cleveland for Circleville, her earlier home, where they were interred by the side of her husband the same forenoon. The party reached here at 7:40 A.M., and were met by several friends who assisted them to a change of cars. On the return from Circleville a long wait between trains here was necessary and meanwhile a portion of the members were the guests of Superintendent and Mrs. Jones.

Principal Patterson returned from his vacation Saturday afternoon, and Monday morning found him in the harness again as though he had not been out at all. We are sorry to hear that the condition of his brother Joe offers no hope of recovery.

We forgot to mention that Miss Clara J. Woods was taken up to the Home from Springfield, and is more than pleased with her new surroundings.

The "Bellaire room" at the Home presents a very tidy and inviting appearance now. It was recently repapered and additional furnishings added. Those who have been working for its maintenance will have no cause to feel ashamed of it when they come to the reunion next week and gaze upon it.

Miss Louise K. Thompson departed for her home in Akron, Monday, and next week will start for Oklohoma, to take charge of her school in Guthrie, Saturday evening she was entertained at tea by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener. The others present were Mrs. Ella Zell, Mr. Ernest Zell and Miss Ethel Zell.

Mr. B. O. Sprague has been taking a week off unwillingly from his work, and in the meantime took the sick benefits of the Harness-makers' Union of which he is a member. Last week his right thumb came in too close contact with some part of the machine he was running, and as a result the nail was torn off, thus rendering him unable to work. He hopes to be able to resume his trade next week.

The grounds of the Institution and the walks leading around them have been strewn with branches and decayed trunks of trees for a week or so. Mr. Bentz, a former florist here, has been at work for some time lopping off useless limbs from among the shade trees and removing decayed ones about the yard. A big bonfire will be made of the debris in the yard as soon as the work is completed.

The electric engineer of the Institution during vacation has been extending the electric lighting in the buildings and about the grounds. The chapel will hereafter be lighted this way, and the two main entrances on Town Street will hereafter not be in the dark at night, as each has a light suspended from the center.

As Mr. McGregor at no distant day will make his home in the country, he has of late been making trips to a certain point therein no doubt with a view to cultivating the acquaintance with the tillers of the soil. Thursday he attended a county fair given in a neighboring village, and there was given ample opportunities to study the character and characteristics of the people of whom he will be one.

His complexion just now is all right, but when they take hold of his hands it will take but a moment to convince them that he is a "freshy" in the "biz" and will probably extend the glad hand to him. But as to the Fair, it was a revelation to him. He first entered the art department, expecting to find it something like what is seen at our State Fair. Great was his astonishment to see only a few commonplace pictures and these of a very poor daub. He next went over to the fruit, hall expecting to find it stocked with the season's yield and to be treated to a generous supply "free gratis" from the generous farmers. No one was taking any interest just then in fruits, and all he found on exhibit were a few loaves of bread and several jars of canned fruit. A fine show, indeed! Just then it occurred to him that racing was on the program and to the race track he made his way. Here he found lads and lassies, beaux and their sweethearts, and last but not least staid old farmers and their better halves to the number of a thousand, all dressed in their Sunday best and all enthusiastically interested in a horse race that was then being run. Bob had now learned his first lesson. Hereafter when he sees bill-boards, fences and barns placarded, announcing such and such a county fair, he will know it is simply a horse race.

Miss Eddy, a teacher in the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, at Delavan, has been the guest of Miss Olivia Bruning the past week.

The Dispatch of last evening contained the following:

"Mrs. Carrie A. Leib, a deaf-mute, who is the widow of the late John Leib, brought a new procedure in the courts Friday afternoon against the officers and stockholders of the Ohio Debenture Company. She seeks to hold each person individually for all the moneys collected from debenture holders and paid out, for whatever purpose, except such as was paid to the debenture holders themselves.

"She wants all dividends on stock accounted for as well as the salaries and expenses of the officers, all fees and all commissions. She wants all parties brought into court and the money thus collected held for the benefit of those who were induced to buy debentures.

"She brings her suit in behalf of all the debenture holders, thus making it possible for all to come into court without bringing separate actions. Mrs. Leib makes some strong allegations. She says it was a scheme to defraud the public.

"She makes her claim for recovery of the amount which she and others paid in, on the ground of fraud. She paid in \$210.80 and drew out \$85.70, and claims judgment for \$125.10. According to her petition, she seeks to compel the stockholders, as individuals, to account for \$225,000.

"Mrs. Leib charges that the officers grossly mismanaged affairs and paid stockholders large sums of money as dividends when they were not profits, paid themselves other money as salaries and paid out other large sums as commissions and fees all of which was a fraud on the debenture holders.

"The only capital stock of the company was the \$25,000 on deposit with the State Treasurer, and its only legitimate income (the interest on that money).

"Mrs. Leib prays for a complete accounting of the business and for a judgment against each officer and stockholder. Messrs. R. M. Ditty, D. B. Sharp and James A. Allen filed the suit."

A Cincinnati judge decided that the Debenture Companies were lotteries, pure and simple, and those who were bamboozled into investing in them could bring suit against the officers of the concerns for full amount paid in, besides holding them liable to a fine of fifty dollars according to a State law against lotteries. The late John Leib, whose widow brings the suit, a year or so before his death was prevailed upon to invest some of his spare capital in the company. Of course at that time he was like many others innocent or unaware that fraud was being practiced upon him. There are several other deaf hereabouts who were lured into a similar snare.

One of the lawyers for Mrs. Leib, Mr. James A. Allen, was a former teacher in the Institution here. We have no idea as to the outcome of the case, but we hope those who put money in the said company will at least get part of it back.

Next Thursday and Friday all roads for the deaf of Ohio will lead to Columbus, to attend their eleventh reunion. A number of intentions to be present were received by the proper committee this week, thus showing that the little admonition given on the matter in the last JOURNAL was read and heeded by them. Its next issue will have a full account of the reunion proceedings, together with other interesting items pertaining thereto. Now is the time to subscribe for the JOURNAL

FANWOOD.

TROY.

American Manual Alphabet.

Theo. I. Lounsbury

GALLAUDET HOME FOR DEAF-MUTES.

The trials and tribulations of the fast waning vacation days, have exceeded anything in the memory of the oldest inhabitant at Fanwood. One continuous source of trouble is the blasting for the new Rapid Transit tunnel. The dynamite cartridges have not only knocked the bed rock into fragments, and sent the gravel sky-hooting o'er the trees, but the concussion has played havoc with the walls and ceilings of the Institution buildings. One of the most exasperating disasters of this kind, was the avalanche of plaster from the ceiling of the Principal's office, just as the work had been completed. The whole thing had to be done over again. Added to these constant drawbacks caused by the hand of reckless man, there have been the elements of the air to contend with. First the blistering heat and drought, then the tornado that uprooted trees, sent the loose bricks flying, and made ravines and gullies in the erstwhile smooth and gravelled roadways. Not once only, but several times have the roads and grounds required a vast amount of repairing. In spite of all this, the work of getting everything in good shape for the opening of school next month, has been carried forward steadily, and when the pupils return they will find everything has been done to make the Institution a comfortable and healthful habitation for the large number it is designed to accommodate.

The following appeared in the New York Herald on Wednesday last, and has reference to Adolph Le Prince, a brother of the teacher of industrial and technical art at Fanwood: "At his mother's handsome cottage at Point o' Woods, yesterday, Adolph Le Prince, twenty-nine years old, of New York, accidentally killed himself while cleaning a revolver, it is said. He was found lying on the floor of his bedroom with the pistol near him and a bullet wound in his forehead. He was alone at the time of the accident and his body was found by his mother. Two local physicians were called in, but the young man had been dead several minutes. It was said that he had been suffering from nervous prostration for some time and had been at Point o' Woods two months for his health.

"Coroner E. S. Moore, of this place, hastened to Point o' Woods, which is opposite Bayshore, as soon as he learned of the accident, and his body was brought here by steamer. An inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death."

The funeral took place at his mother's home on Washington Heights, on Thursday last. Mrs. Wilcox and Mr. W. G. Jones were present.

Principal Currier has got back to his office at last. The repairs and decorating made it necessary to have temporary desk room in the parlor opposite the library. His office is now a poem in color, the new linoleum for the floor being in perfect harmony with the fresco work on the ceiling and walls. An aluminum paint to the ironwork of the fireplace is also a handsome improvement.

A catch-basin has just been completed between the Trades School building and the power house. It is to prevent water from leaking into the tunnel that connects the power house with the main group of school buildings.

Mr. Clearwater, instructor in the carpenter shop, is back from his vacation. The greater part was spent at Far Rockaway. Fishing was excellent down there, but he has no yarns for sale, exchange or to give gratis. Only last week he was beside the Atlantic listening to the hum of the reel and watching the hundred feet of four-ply linen line coil and straighten out. Now he hears the screech of the hand saw yanked across the oaken plank and watches the long shavings curl away from his plane.

Storekeeper George Wilkinson is great in stature and genius. His stature is such that he can reach the top shelf of the eight-foot-high ice-box without stretching himself. His genius enables him to make parlor clocks out of almost anything. Recently he employed his spare time in repairing a clock that had refused to work. After he had dickered with it a while it worked perfectly, and the owner was so grateful that she—well, forgot to thank him.

Thomas Doody, of Albany, N. Y., a former pupil at Fanwood, was a visitor Saturday last.

Miss Gertrude Turner was the guest of Miss Alice Judge last Saturday.

Astonishing information comes from that fond father, Anthony Capelli. Just think, his eight-months-old boy actually took hold of a string. Wonder if he referred to his purse string!

Andrew Keenan, of Albany, a graduate of the Rome School, visited Fanwood on Monday.

Anthony Reiff won second prize in the pole vault, at the games at Maspeth, last Saturday.

The Geneva papers speak in complimentary terms of Mr. Hammond B. Tuttle, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Tuttle. The following is an extract:

"A Good Card.—Last week the fact was mentioned that Priest and Tuttle's photograph rooms were again opened, and in order for business. Last week Mr. C. P. Goerz, of the Optical Works of Berlin, Germany, and New York City, Manufacturer of the celebrated Goerz Anastigmat Lens, was in Geneva, and having sold the lens to Priest and Tuttle, made a visit to their rooms and inspected their every day work, resulting in his selection of six photographs from their studio, to be part of the Company's exhibit at the National Photographic Convention, held in Detroit this week. Our friends will recognize a photo of S. H. Parker in this group. This is a pretty good card for Priest and Tuttle. They are not only artists, but students as well, and will stop at nothing short of the best. They particularly excel in outdoor work. Give them a call before the rush begins.

"Priest and Tuttle showed us a photo of the new college buildings, taken recently. It was three feet long and the very acme of perfection. One can fairly count the bricks in the courses. We hope the photo will be on exhibition."

Mr. and Mrs. E. Lortie had company from Troy Sunday before last. The guests at first went to Johnsonville by train, then wheeled the rest of the way. Returning they spinned along a fourteen mile course, arriving at Johnsonville in exactly two hours. They got aboard the train and were soon in the land of Nod—dreaming until they reached the home depot.

Mrs. Emma Coombs tendered Mrs. J. Penrose a pleasant social party Thursday evening, August 15th, at her parents' residence at Albany. Mrs. Penrose though not quite surprised, was highly pleased with the way she was treated, which she shall not soon forget. About twenty deaf-mutes were present and all made things merry until midnight. Refreshments were served to the guests.

Miss Mannie Putnam, of Washington, D. C., was the guest of Miss Sarah Schutt for a few days. The hostess gave a party in honor of her guest Friday, prior to her departure for Valley Falls. The following persons, invited, were present: Mrs. J. Getting, Miss Myra Warren, Miss Sophia Malers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Connerton, and Messrs. H. Burt, H. S. De Colle, F. Sullivan and Gili.

Lady Visitor: "How is it possible that the ring (on her finger) helps you recognize me?"

Mr. Selby (blind): "Well, the fact is that a wedding ring is so different from a friendship one. Besides the last time you were here, I examined the ring (by sense of touch) to remember, and also your facial appearance and head."

The following is from Rosemary's pen in Sunday's papers:

Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon Saxton are spending the summer on Long Island, where the artist finds abundant inspiration for his genius.

Mr. Saxton exhibits only one canvas at the Pan-American Exposition, but that one has been accorded unstinted praise.

Jerry Drum, formerly of Troy, and later of Portchester, is said to be working in Herkimer. He seems to be getting on well.

Thure E. Carlman has returned from a business trip to Long Island. He is now with his wife and child at Sand Lake.

Miss Warren and Miss Putnam left Saturday for a few days' visit with Mrs. Eunice Tuttle, at Valley Falls.

Miss Lottie McGee leaves this week for Brooklyn, where she is to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Boswell.

Wonderful news! Well, it comes from Moses Smith, who said so in a conversation with "Mea."

Mrs. H. A. Burt returned home Saturday, after two weeks' absence in Ticonderoga.

Frank Sullivan, who has been working in Herkimer, is back again homesick.

Mrs. John Campbell (nee Rosa Getty) visited her folks here recently.

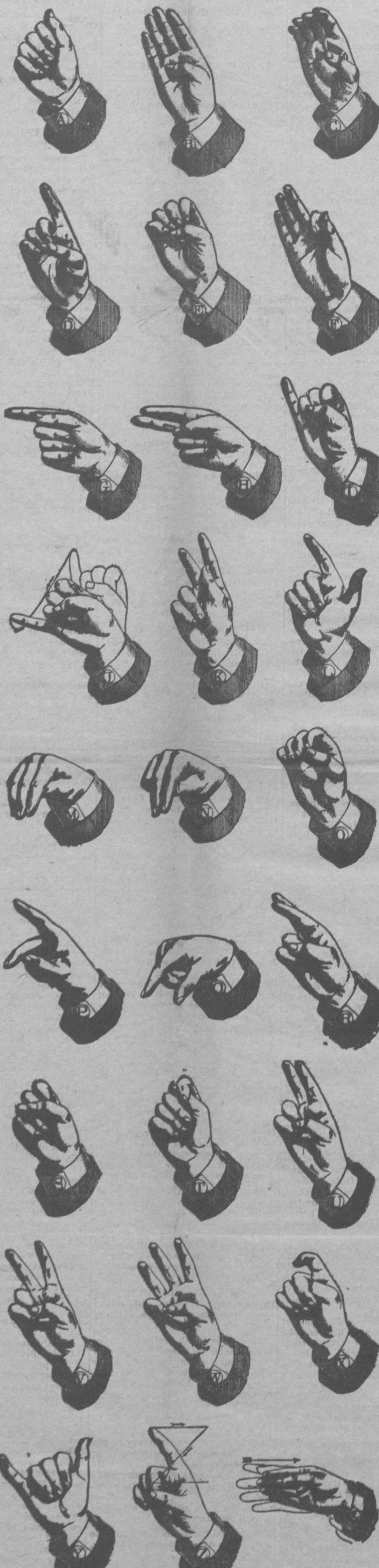
Lester Rosson has won two out of three games up to date. Good!

C.

CONNECTICUT PICNIC.

The Connecticut Mute's picnic will be held at Merwin Point, Woodmont, Conn., on September 2d (Labor Day).

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders, of Philadelphia, and Miss Lucy M. Lauer, of Rochester, were the guests of C. W. Stowell, of Silver Lake, N. Y., on Sunday last. Carrie Nation's features were studied by the ubiquitous C. W. Stowell a few days later. All the parties mentioned were drawn to beautiful Silver Lake by the annual camp meeting.



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Donations may be sent to:—

Mr. Walter S. Kemery, Treasurer, 7 East 66d Street, New York City.
Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 587 West 145th Street, New York City.
Mr. E. A. Hodgson, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.
Mr. F. L. Selney, Deaf-Mutes' Register, Rome, N. Y.
Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, 11 Mason, Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the Hudson, N. Y.

or to the undersigned, 112 West 78th Street, New York City,

THOMAS GALLAUDET,
General Manager of

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, incorporated in 1873, the Society to which the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes belongs.

SEVENTH ANNUAL

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